The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE. {Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.}

VOL. XXXV. BOSTON, JANUARY 9, 1885. NO. 37.

Pussy's Complaint.

I'm just as unhappy, unhappy,
As ever a kitten can be;
If you'll let me, I'll tell you about it,
Then perhaps you will pity me.
For it's a great mistake in your thinking
That kits have no feeling at all,
Nor a thought beyond having a frolic,
Or the chasing after a ball.

Nor, how could *I* know (please tell me
If you could help me to see)
That the cold roast fowl in the pantry
Was not put there for me?
They left the door temptingly open,
So I helped myself to that,
But they drove me out with the broomstick,
And called me "*that mean, thieving cat!*"

Then those pans of milk in the dairy,
With cream like the yellowest gold,
I thought I should like to taste it,
For it's very delicious, I'm told;
So I climbed to one of the nicest,
And was just getting ready to taste,
When they found me—and such a commotion,
I ran to the barn in hot haste.

Don't they think cats ever get hungry
Between meals, I'd like to know?
And that rats and mice cannot always be found?
I have sat for an hour or so
Beside some nice looking rat-hole,
And not even a mouse came to view;
And I found, after waiting and waiting,
They had moved off to lodgings anew.

I heard the folks talking this morning
About kit, and a bag, and the pond.
I didn't quite understand it,
For of water I'm not very fond.
I don't dare to go near the kitchen,
For fear that they meant harm by that;
Oh dear! all in all I've concluded,
It's a very hard world—*for a cat.*

— *Youth's Companion.*

For the Myrtle.

Dollie's Christmas Tree.

DOLLIE VANE lived way out on the lonely prairie. The nearest neighbor was a mile away. Schools, churches and post-office were fifty miles distant. Dollie remembered when her parents lived in an Eastern town and she went with other children to church and school. She had pleasant recollections of the Sunday school and the picnic's and the Christmas gathering there enjoyed, and more than all she loved to think of the beautiful Christmas tree she had seen, and the jolly Santa Claus that gave the pretty presents to eager girls and boys. It was nearly Christmas time but little Dollie couldn't see how it was to bring much cheer to her.

There wasn't any other children within five miles of her home, and although she thought her two younger brothers and the darling baby were the best playmates in the world, they could not make a Christmas party. And as for a *tree*—she had not seen an evergreen, since she saw the great plains, and she felt sure that a bare cottonwood could never be coaxed into looking in the least Christmas-like, no matter how hard every one might try.

"Do you suppose Christmas will come to us way out here?" asked Dollie of her mamma one day.

"Certainly" said the kind mamma, looking pleasantly at the little questioner. "if we open our hearts the best part of Christmas will find us anywhere."

"Oh! yes. I know," said Dollie, "the peace and good-will part, but I mean the other part too, the presents—a few you know, and some of the good times."

"We cannot make this Christmas much like those you have known my dear, but still we will try to make it a thankful, happy time, and now I have a little plan for you, to keep you happy and busy." And soon the thoughtful mamma had the little girl so interested in the making of little gifts for the other members of the family that there was no chance for useless regrets to shadow her face or make the little ones unhappy.

It is very hard for a little girl to find any thing that she can make with her own hands that will be very useful to her papa, and Dollie was afraid that there was not anything she could do to show him that she had thought of him. As she was studying upon the matter it came to her mind how much her papa loved to hear her sing and how pleased he was when she had learned to play a new piece on the organ. One of Dollie's greatest comforts was her organ: under her mother's instruction she was learning to play upon it a little better every day.

"Oh! mamma" she cried "if I only can learn something to play and sing to papa on Christmas day, it is the only thing I can think of to do."

"That will be a very nice thing to do" said mamma "and I will help help you now to choose something new and pretty to learn."

Mr. Vane was away to the mountains: he had taken his horses and gone to get a load of posts and rails to help to make needed fences—it was a dreary tiresome trip for him, but it was his only way to do.

If money had been plenty such material was not to be bought much nearer, and once in the mountains he had nothing to do but to cut down his poles and bring them home.

It was a somewhat dangerous trip also, but two other farmers had gone with him and that lessened his wife's anxiety about him.

Dollie practiced faithfully many hours, the thought of the loving surprise she was planning making it more of a pleasure than usual. After the children were in bed she helped her mamma to make presents for the little ones.

Two horses heads with gay bridles were attached to two broomsticks and these frisky ponies were to delight the liitte boys; while a plump rag baby that would bear a great deal of hugging was dressed in gay colors to suit baby's taste. Dollie had spent every moment she could have entirely to herself in making a pretty cushion for her mamma and mamma had several pretty things in readiness for her womanly little girl. Christmas Eve came and Dollie's papa had had not returned.

Dollie went to bed hoping to find him at home when she awoke, but very much afraid that the little snow storm they had had, might have been much more severe in the mountains and have delayed him for several days or perhaps have caused him to lose his way entirely.

Mrs. Vane made a warm fire and watched for his return; the cold was very sharp and biting and everything was covered with frost. Just as the clock was on the stroke of twelve and she had begun to despair of her husband's reaching home that night, the sharp creaking of the wheels was heard and in another moment the door opened and the long looked for traveller was at home.

He had not come empty handed—he looked like a genuine Santa Claus with beard, cap and coat covered with frost and to make the picture complete, he carried in his hand a fine spruce tree—"We must fix it up for the children" he said, "When I saw them growing so much like our own trees at home, I determined that the little folks should know what a Christmas tree was, and I have walked every step of the last ten miles to get it here to-night, and to get here myself without freezing feet or hands."

The trip had been very successful, besides the load that he went for, Mr. Vane had brought home enough venison to keep the family in meat the most of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Vane arranged the tree and the presents before going to rest, and great was the surprise and joy of their little people in the morning. Coming through town on his way home Mr. Vane had taken care to get such things as he knew would give pleas ure to his family, and so Dollie's Christmas did find her away out on the lonely prairie, and the little boys know what a real Christmas tree was, after all.

H. H. D.

One evening when Luther saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night, he said: "This little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure and content, never troubling itself what its food will be, or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David it abides under the shadow of the Almighty. It sits on the little twig content, and lets God take care.

Deer at any price—Venison.

Miss Francis Power Cobbe

Tells us a story of a French convict who was reformed by a rat—a man who was long the terror of prison authorities. Time after time he had broken out and made savage assaults on his jailers. Stripes and chains had been multiplied year after year, and he was habitually confined in an underground cell, whence he was only taken to work with his fellow convicts in the prison yard; but his ferocity long remained untamed. At last it was observed that he grew rather more calm and docile, without apparent cause for the change, till one day, when he was working with his comrades, a large rat suddenly leaped from the breast of his coat and ran across the yard. Naturally the cry was raised to kill the rat, and the men were prepared to throw stones at it, when the convict, hitherto so ferocious, with a sudden outburst of feeling, implored them to desist and allow him to recover his favorite. The prison officials for once were guided by happy compassion, and suffered him to call back his rat, which came to his voice and nestled back in his dress. The convict's gratitude was as strong as his rebellious disposition had hitherto proved, and from that day he proved submissive and orderly. After some years he became the trusted assistant of the jailers, and finally was killed in defending them against a mutiny of the other convicts. The love of that humble creature finding a place in his rough heart had changed his whole character. Who shall limit the miracles to be wrought by affection when the love of a rat could transform a man?

I KNOW a lady who in the winter soaks her crusts and puts them in an old parrot's cage in her garden, and sometimes the cage is full of birds beside her parlor window, who often come in to see her. She told me that robins are very fond of sweet almonds; and that if you sit very still with some little bits on your hand, they will eat it from your hand. A family whom I used to know used to take tea out-doors in the summer, and the robins would come and pick up the cake-crumbs regularly. A lady who feeds her fowls at certain hours has also one robin as a daily partaker of her bounty; if she is earlier or later than usual, and calls "Rob!" this bird will come from a neighboring garden, and sit and eat out of the dish which she holds in her hand.

LEARN a verse of Scripture every day.

Alfred's Three Prayers.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night, as he was going to bed, "I prayed three prayers, and the Lord has answered two of them. Do you think he'll answer the other?"

"I think he will, my dear. But tell me about these prayers; what were they?"

"One was that he would make you well; and you're not sick any more. Another was that he would make papa more kind; and he has been more kind lately, hasn't he?"

"Yes, dear. Now what's the third?"

"I prayed that God would keep us children from quarreling. But he hasn't answered that yet, for Daisy and I quarreled dreadfully to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't he do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you, but you will be naughty still. But if you earnestly wish to be a good boy, and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, God will give you the victory. But he won't do the work for you."

"Oh, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

"Yes," continued mamma, "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray, and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able by and by to come and tell me that God has answered all three of your prayers."—*Sel.*

THERE are two ways of keeping the hands clean. One is with soap and water, and hard scrubbing sometimes. The other is by never allowing them to touch a dishonest penny, or a knife or ball, or top, or marble that you have not paid for in some way, all it is worth, unless it has been given to you. We know a lad whose hands are very fair and clean to look upon, but who manages in trading with his playmates, always to get some advantage on his side, so that he receives more than he gives. If this kind of dirt showed on the hands as it does on the conscience, he would be so ashamed that he would want to wear gloves all the time. Keep your hands clean both ways!—*Sel.*

For the Myrtle.

Home Joys.

It was thus this household gathered
When the Christmas sports were here
When the heart-joys of all households
Reached the high-tide of the year.

There were gifts for every member,
Kindly gifts from each to each,
And these little loving tokens
Had their power all hearts to reach.

Mother, father, Uncle Eben,
And the darling daughter Belle
Every one some pleasant story
To each other one could tell.

For the joy that made one happy
Was a joy the rest might share,
All were glad with each ones gladness,
As it lightened life's dull care.

God is kind, that into home-groups
He has set us all apart.
And by links that can't be broken
Linked us fondly heart to heart.

Nothing to His earthly children
Is so good, that He hath given,
As the home, which is the symbol
Of our better Home in Heaven.

E. M. B.

Two Kinds of Bears.

A gentleman was making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that a pit was dug and covered with turf, leaves, etc., and some food placed on top. The bear easily fell into the snare.

"But," its informant added, "if four or five happen to get together, they all get out."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They formed a ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has procured their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their brother, enabling him to join them."

Sensible bears—and a great deal better than human bears we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

THE horse sometimes displays a great amount of intelligence. A horse was once missed from the pasture field where he had been put the previous night. He had, it seems, been shod a few days before, and got pinched in a foot. Feeling, no doubt, a lively sense of proper shoeing, and desirous of relieving the cause of pain, he contrived to unhang the gate of his pasture with his mouth, and make the best of his way to the smithy, a distance of a mile and a half from Fascombe, waiting respectfully at the door until the bungling blacksmith got up. He relates that he found the horse there on opening his shed; that the horse advanced to the forge and held up his ailing foot; and that he himself, upon examination, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully, which being done, the sagacious creature set off at a merry pace homeward. Soon after, Mr. Lane's servants passed by the forge in quest of the animal, and upon inquiry, received for answer: "O, he has been here and got shod, and is gone home again."

The horse knew what he wanted, and he knew where to get it. Let us hope that the blacksmith will do his work better next time, so that he need not do it over again.

WISDOM is better than strength.

For the Myrtle.

The Little Missionary.

DOES N'T this boy look as if he would make a good missionary?

Perhaps, you think that he is too small to go to foreign lands. He would probably agree with you in this way of thinking. But he is a missionary nevertheless.

He had a little patch of ground last summer that he cultivated all alone by himself. In it he raised strawberries, lettuce, radishes, peas, melons and cucumbers. These he sold in the market, and used every cent of the money which they brought, for missionary purposes.

He was a wise little boy, and he divided the money between foreign and home missions, and though the sum was not very large for either, it was some help in each of these directions.

One of the weak and struggling churches in our own denomination, received a few dollars last year, which it would not have had, but for the industry of this little lad of eight year's old.

Think how any religious denomination might prosper if it had a few thousand such boys within its limits.

E. M. B.

It is not how long, but how well we live.

Lincoln on Thrift.

The original of the following letter to a half-brother is held by B. L. Worth, of St. Louis, and came into his possession through the purchase of the office fixtures of ex-Mayor John How:

"WASHINGTON, *December* 24, 1848.

"DEAR JOHNSON: Your request for $80 I do not think it best so comply with just now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now,' but in a short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What the defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much of it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more to the children, that you should break this habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer to live and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in it.

"You are now in need of some ready money, and what I propose to you is that you shall go to work, 'tooth and nail,' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys have charge of things at home—prepare for a crop and make a crop—and you will go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get. And to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between now and the first of May, get for your labor either in money or on your own indebtedness, I will give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at $10 a month, from me you get $10 more, making $20 a month for your work. In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines or the gold mines of California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close at home—in Coles County. Now, if you will do this, you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out, next year you will be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for $70 or $80. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make you, get the $70 or $0 with four or five months' work. You say if I furnish you the money, you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense! If you cannot now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not now mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice you will find it worth more than eighty times $80 to you.

Affectionately, your brother, A. LINCOLN."

The Lion.

The lion is a strong, fierce animal, and his roar, when hungry, or in a rage, is something terrific. In spite of the iron bars which holds him in his cage when we see him on this side the water, we feel as if we want to get away when he lifts up his voice!

It is said that a "lion sermon" is preached annually in one of the London churches. Many years ago a rich merchant of that city was traveling in Asia for business purposes. While crossing the Arabian Desert, a furious lion approached him. He was alone at the time, and death seemed close at hand, but he fell upon his knees, and called on God for help. The lion stopped, prowled around him, and then quietly walked off!

When the gentleman returned to England he bequeathed a thousand dollars a year to his parish church for the relief of the poor, on condition that a sermon be preached in it once a year to celebrate his escape from death.—*Sel.*

SOME of the best things in this world are hidden under a very rough cover. You like to eat the hickorynuts and chestnuts and walnuts you are gathering up for winter, and so does Mr. Squirrel. But neither you nor Mr. Squirrel like to taste the bitter hulls or hard shells that cover the nuts—you can see no use for them. Still you have to make your way through them before you can get at the sweet meat on the inside. So, often you have to work your way through some hard duty, or unpleasant task, to secure the sweetest satisfaction and contentment of mind, for there is no enjoyment so sweet as that which comes from a sense of having done your part like a man. The shell may be hard, but the kernel is sweet. Try it.—*Sel.*

NOTHING is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.

SELECTIONS FOR A S. S. CONCERT.

What Became of a Lie.

First somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
  Till they got it outside ;
When the crowd came across it,
  Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached the sky, sir,
  And frightened the moon ;
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
At the dreaded disgrace, sir,
  That had happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
  A terrible crew ;
And while headlong they hurried
The people they flurried,
And troubled and worried,
  As lies always do.

And so, evil boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded
  In smoke and in shame ;
While from mud and from mire
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name !

Like the Rose.

Live like the rose, so bud, so bloom,
  In growing beauty live ;
So sweeten life with a perfume
  That gentle actions give.

Die like the rose, that when thou'rt gone,
  Sweet, happy thoughts of thee,
Like fragrant rose-leaves, may be strewn
  Along thy memory.

Little Things.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home.
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

A Builder's Lesson.

How shall I a habit break ?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose ;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist ;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by ;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep ;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste :
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won !
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last !

Looking Up.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Ps. 121.

Keep looking up, keep looking up,
  The mists will clear away ;
In God's own time His loving hand
  Will brighteu up the way.

Keep looking up, keep looking up,
  The eternal hills are there ;
Far, far beyond these gloomy clouds,
  Are treasures rich and rare.

Keep looking up, keep looking up,
  With faith's aspiring eye ;
The promise is, that help will come
  From Him who dwells on high.

Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes,
  And take that outstretched hand ;
'Tis Jesus bids thee ; struggle on,
  And victory shall be thine.

I Love.

I love the man whose deeds are earnest,
Whose heart is faithful, whose words are true,
And little it matters where God has placed him,
Or what is the work that is his to do :
Whether he sits in the halls of marble,
To make the laws for a mighty land,
Or hears, in the forest, the wild birds warble,
And grasps an ax in his brawny hand.

Believe not each accusive tongue,
  As some weak people do ;
But ever hope the story wrong
  That ought not to be true.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

210.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 4, 23, 1, 10 is a reptile.
My 22, 3, 20, 7, 4, 17 is used to line cisterns.
My 2, 15, 31 is what farmers do in summer.
My 9, 14, 30, 16 is not here.
My 20, 11, 29, 26 is a unit in U. S. money.
My 31, 19, 24 is a kind of tree.
My 8, 13, 28 is worn on the head.
My 5, 18, 21, 12 is not that.
My 6, 25, 27, 17 is the handle to a sword.
My whole is a Proverb.

Josiah Slayton and Elmer S. Newton.

211.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

W—a—t—m—l—m—f—a—d—w—l—t—u—t—n—h—e.

Minnie Doggett.

212.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 43, 39, 6, 51 is not poor.
My 14, 44, 52, 33, 6, 22, 45, 28 is a heavy garment.
My 1, 58. 9, 47, 19 is a reality.
My 4, 9,10 3, is to control.
My 2, 39, 46, 56, 11, 17 is to bother.
My 3, 55, 56 is not first,
My 21, 9, 26, 5, 41, 13 is to correct.
My 36, 7, 25, 53, 37 is a large fish.
My 27, 35, 15, 54 is a bird.
My 31, 49, 25, 12 is used on water.
My 36, 24, 32, 12, 29 is angry.
My 10, 23, 8, 16 is learning.
My 40, 20, 30, 34 is a prophet.
My 50, 42, 54, 48, 11, 38 is a play for children.
My 18, 3, 25 is a drink.
My whole is in Proverbs.

Mamie.

213.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A vowel: A nickname used for one of our Presidents: To familiarize: Containing abuse: To get up: Hail.

Mary Rider.

214.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 24, 25 is a kind of music.
My 6, 7, 8, 9 is opposite of low,
My 11, 10, 12 grows on a tree.
My 16, 15, 13, 19 is part of a room.
My 14, 5, 21, 23 is part of a fence.
My 20, 18, 22, 23 is certain.
My 27, 17, 26 is the opposite of cold.
My Whole is in the Bible.

Beth.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the letter *d* like a wedding ring?
Because *we* could not be *wed* without it.

206.—ENIGMA.

He being dead yet speaketh.

207.—ANAGRAM.

As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.

208.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

D
M A N
R A I D S
D A I S I E S
V E I L S
H E N
S

209.—ENIGMA.

I receive not honour from men.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a glass half full of water and a broken engagement?

One is not filled full, and the other is not fulfilled.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Jennie Jacobs, 4; Annie G. Bean, 4; Maude Lake, 4; James L. Rocher, 4; Fred Rinert, 4; Harriet Tetherly, 4.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

Universalist Publishing House,

16 Bromfield St., Boston,
CHARLES CAVERLY, Agent.

MRS. E. M. BRUCE, EDITOR.

TERMS:—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.
Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date on each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands. The paper will be sent, and bill collected therefor, until it is ordered to be discontinued.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
16 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.